



P. La Roche inv.

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Matrimony Unmask'd;
OR, THE
COMFORTS and DISCOMFORTS
OF
MARRIAGE
DISPLAY'D.

*By the Author of AMINIDAB; or, the
QUAKER'S VISION.*



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THE
COMFORTS AND DISCOMFORTS

MARRIAGE

AND ITS SEVERAL CONSEQUENCES



Printed by H. Mearns at the
Printers Office in St. Pauls Church-yard

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THE PREFACE.



AS the State of Matrimony is a holy Institution, and very largely conducing to the Peace and Preservation of all Kingdoms and Governments, as well as to the mutual Felicity of both Sexes; so it ought not to be jested with after such a Manner, as to be render'd liable to the Contempt of those Persons, who, for want of being sensible of the great Benefits which Mankind in general receive thereby, are too ready to dishonour it with such unmannerly Sarcasms, as may fright the Innocent from venturing to engage therein, and consequently from obeying that first and great Command, viz. Increase and Multiply.

SOME Libertines, to shew their Wit to the rest of their Companions, will cry, viz. Matrimony's like Mustard; for he that praises either, ought to do it with Tears in his Eyes.

OTHERS, perhaps, will tell us, that joining a Couple in Wedlock, is like putting them under a great Bell; wherein there is no stirring, without abundance of Noise.

SOME, of less Manners, from their Observation of the Fars and Differences that arise too often between imprudent Persons, will scoffingly affirm, that a Man and his Wife are like a Couple of Cats ty'd together by their Tails, and slung cross a Sign-Post, who, as long as they live, will be always ferreting and tormenting of each other.

OTHER merry Blades will tell us, marrying is but putting two Lovers into a Ring, to fight for the Britches; and He or She who has the Fortune to win the Prize, will be sure, without Mercy, to make a Slave of the Victim.

The PREFACE.

THE Father of the English Poets has long since oblig'd the World with this Comparison, viz.

Marriage is like a Revel Rout,
Those that are out, would fain get in,
And those that are in, would fain get out.

ANOTHER celebrated Poet tells us, in one of his merry Madrigals, that a marry'd Man is like a Dog with a Botrel fast ty'd to his Tail; with many other very coarse Similes, too immodest to recite.

MANY other such like Passages, and Satyrical Scoffs, might be collected out of several celebrated Authors, ancient and modern.

THE following Dialogues have not the least Tendency to the Dishonour of a marry'd State; for which, I cannot but acknowledge I have as great a Reverence as any Man; and have often wonder'd with what Confidence any Person living, except a profligate By-blow, can give himself the Liberty of exclaiming against it; when he cannot but know, that if his Parents Embraces had wanted the Nuptial Sanction, he must have been born a Bastard.

MATRIMONY was certainly ordain'd for the Delight and Comfort of both Sexes: But if any shall enter into it, without a Christian Resolution of maintaining these three principal Vertues, viz. Patience, Chastity, and Temperance, if they propose much Felicity after Honey-Moon's over, will be surely disappointed; for none can enjoy it truly, but those who are worthy of so honourable a State.

TO conclude, my Design has been both to inform and instruct, that, by a careful Perusal, those who are unhappy in a marry'd State, may see where the Fault lies, and blush at their own Follies: And if they are willing to reform themselves from those Indiscretions, which make their Lives uncomfortable, I have also given them such Examples, as will, I hope, encourage 'em to that Vertue and Patience, which may add to their future Happiness.

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Matrimony

Matrimony

Matrimony

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Matrimony Unmask'd, &c.



DIALOGUE the First,

Between a pert Lady and her Spouse, concerning Superiority in Wedlock.

Wife.

Sometimes you tell me I am pert and proud,
And that I talk perversly, and too loud;
Content when 'tis my Duty to submit,
And ridicule your Follies with my Wit.

Husband.

Husband.

'Tis true, *Rosinda*, you at publick Feasts
 Use my Infirmities as common Jest;
 Expose those Failings should be kept unknown,
 And make my Faults the Subjects of your own.

Wife.

Wives with their Husbands, surely may be free;
 A blushing Bride may take that Liberty,
 And pass a harmless Jest, before she knows
 What 'tis to bear a Darling to her Spouse.
 'Tis true, a Virgin should in Silence sit;
 For 'tis a Crime in Maids to shew their Wit:
 But Marriage, tho' a Woman's ne'er so young,
 Always gives License to a Female Tongue.
 We covet Wedlock with the same Intent
 As you contend to serve in Parliament.
 Not thro' the Hopes of being made more rich,
 But to enjoy the Priviledge of Speech.
 Like Patriots, Wives should dare to speak their Mind;
 What Fool would wed to have her Tongue confin'd?

Husband.

A Woman's Wit her Self-Conceit exalts,
 And serves her chiefly to defend her Faults;
 Gives her, on all Accounts, a fair Pretence
 To Contraction, Argument, and Sense.
 Curs'd Talents in that head-strong Thing, a Wife,
 The baneful Seeds of matrimonial Stife.
 For how should Man his sov'reign Pow'r maintain,
 If those who should obey, dispute his Reign.

Wife

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Wife.

Wives, by Experience, know their Husbands wou'd
 Be Monarchs, nay, he Tyrants, if they cou'd :
 But Women that are wise, their Frowns withstand,
 And scorn to truckle to each proud Command.
 Some Fools indeed, by patient Mothers taught,
 Are to a slavish Sense of Duty brought.
 Such Novices, when marry'd, may adore
 Imperious Man, and tremble at his Pow'r :
 As if the Lordly Churl had Right to claim
 A Subject's Homage of his tender Dame ;
 When all the Rule that he pretends to have
 Over weak Woman, whom he deems his Slave,
 Is but usurp'd by Conquest, and by Fraud,
 O'er our kind Sex, by cruel Usage aw'd ;
 Who still at Night defeat your Force of Arms,
 And make you buckle to our pow'rful Charms.

Therefore, at most, you govern but by Day,
 At Night we make our mighty Lords obey :
 The Monarch then by Woman is betray'd
 To wave his Scepter, and is gladly made
 An humble Slave to Beauty's Throne, the Bed.

Husband.

Husbands, like Princes, tho' they bear Command,
 Scorn to chastise with too severe a Hand :
 Yet, if a King does too indulgent prove,
 And makes his Subjects happy in his Love,
 Th' ingrateful People will be apt, like you,
 To deem his Royal Clemencies their Due ;

And

Wife

And that his Acts of Bounty are no more
Than fawning Signs of his defective Pow'r.
So that his Favours lessen their Esteem,
And make his proud rebellious Subjects dream,
That he derives his Diadem from them.

So, fair *Rosinda*, when you Ladies find
Your Husbands gen'rous, lenitive, and kind,
You then despise the Domination given
To Man superior by the Laws of Heaven;
Turn Rebels, our Supremacy deride,
And think us servile to your Lust and Pride.

Thus Over-kindness makes you run astray,
The more we love, the more you disobey.

So head-strong Subjects, who no Duty know,
If once indulg'd, the greater Rebels grow.

Wife.

But Man has no Dominion o'er his Bride,
More than what's founded on his churlish Pride.
The Wife's his Partner, and has Right to share
His greatest Fortunes, or his meanest Fare.
Equal in Pow'r the Woman ought to be;
Both are by Marriage plac'd in one Degree:
Both the same Flesh, when made each other's Mate,
And both united in the self-same State.
Man has no Title to the upper Hand;
Either may ask, but neither should command:
Nor can a Wife, by Disobedience, prove
A Rebel, tho' she falsifies her Love.
For since our Husbands have no Right to sway,
It is no Crime in Wives to disobey.

Husband

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Husband.

What Hopes has he of a contented Life,
 That hears such precious Doctrine from a Wife ?
 'Tis hard, since Woman does her Wit abuse,
 She should be curs'd with more than she can use.
 Sure the vile Serpent's Poison still takes Place,
 And from old *Eve*, descends to all her Race ;
 For the same Subtilty that first prevail'd,
 Is to this Day upon her Sex entail'd.

But, Madam, you mistake ; Man has a Right
 To rule, and 'tis your Duty to submit.

Adam was made superior to his Bride ;

Lord o'er his *Eve*, and all the World beside.

Woman's Desire shall to her Husband be,

And he shall bear Dominion over thee,

Was the first wise Decree that Heaven made,

After the happy Pair had disobey'd.

Therefore you're doom'd into a subject State,

By the Almighty Oracle of Fate ;

Which ev'ry Woman in the sacred Vow

Of Wedlock, must acknowledge and allow,

Ere the fair Bride can lawfully be wed,

Or take the Pleasures of the Nuptial Bed.

Did not your Self, in solemn Manner say,

And promise to *love, honour, and obey* ?

Therefore no mortal Pow'r can set you free

From that Obedience due to Heav'n and me.

Thus God's Decrees, and human Laws accord,

To make you subject, and my Self your Lord.

B

*Wife.**Husband*

Wife.

If Man has such a lawful Right to rule,
 Suppose the Wife is wife, her Spouse a Fool;
 Whose Shoulders then must bear the gauling Weight
 Of those Affairs that tease a marry'd State?
 Or who the matrimonial Crown sustain?
 The prudent Woman, or imprudent Man?

Husband.

If the fair Dame proves wiser of the two,
 Bless'd with more Gifts than are a Woman's Due;
 And that her Husband stoops beneath the Fate
 Of being careless and effeminate;
 She then may take the Freedom to advise
 Within her Sphere, but not to tyrannize:
 For if she turns her Counsel to Command,
 Sh' unjustly then usurps the upper Hand;
 Gives Cause sufficient for intestine Jars,
 And raises, by her Pride, domestick Wars.
 For tho' a Woman may abound in Wit,
 Yet Man is ne'er so foolish to submit;
 But in a marry'd State, will still defend
 That Pow'r, for which our Wives so oft contend.

What if a Wife has Sense enough to steer
 Without a Guide, she must not domineer,
 But let her Spouse the Reputation share,
 That's due to ev'ry well-contriv'd Affair.
 As Statesmen, who advise at Council-Board,
 Still give the Honour to their sov'reign Lord;
 Who, if imprudent, yet they ne'er exclaim,
 But hide his Faults, and magnify his Fame.

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So may a Woman, if her Mate's less wife,
Direct behind the Curtain, and advise ;
But still the Honour, tho' the Man's a Fool,
Should be ascrib'd to him, wh'as Right to rule
Wife.

If Woman does the Weight of Bus'ness bear,
'Tis hard the Husband should the Honour wear !
Or if the Wife superior Wit can boast,
It seems unjust she should not rule the Roast !
But still, perhaps, be hector'd like a Slave
By a dull Coxcomb, or imperious Knave.

Husband.

Slav'ry's a modern, canting Term, in Vogue
With stubborn Wives, and each rebellious R——ue,
Who, hating to submit, would bear a Sway
O'er those just Pow'rs they should by Law obey.
Th' Apprentice bound for seven Years to serve,
That the dull Fool may neither hang or starve ;
The Woman ty'd in Marriage-Bonds for Life,
To be a faithful and obedient Wife ;
The Subject fetter'd to his Prince's Cause
By sacred Oaths, Religion, and the Laws ;
All hate the Yoke, desiring to be free,
And stile their lawful Duty, Slavery ;
Forgetting still the Safety and the Good
They 'njoy by what they think a Servitude.

Therefore, what most call Slav'ry's but a State
Which Libertines and Rebels only hate,
Thro' a wild Rage arising from no more,
Than stubborn Ign'rance, or the Lust of Pow'r,

S

That their stiff Necks, to gratify their Pride,
 May o'er their wiser Governors preside ;
 And so reverse both God and Nature's Rules,
 That the mad World, in Spite of Laws and Schools,
 May bow their Heads to Women and to Fools.

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Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
 Dialogue.

THE Shrew, who has not Sense to know
 Obedience is her Duty,
 Makes but a cursed Wife, altho'
 Sh' abounds in Wealth and Beauty.

For her fair Features, and her Bags,
 That made her Spouse assume her,
 Will be o'er-ballanc'd with the Plagues
 Of her contentious Humour.

Therefore, whoever is unblest
 With a rebellious Woman,
 Shou'd have Job's Patience, or at least,
 The Courage of a Roman.

For he her Taunts must bear, when wed,
 Like poor submissive Creature,
 Or else subdue the Head-strong Jade,
 I know not which is better.



(9)

One Way, a Fool will make him seem,
The other's Porter's Labour ;
Choose either Plague, 'twill render him
But odious to his Neighbour.

ols, }
If happy in a Wife you'd be,
Inspect her, ere you woo her ;
going For none can tame a Shrew, but he
That is not wedded to her.





DIALOGUE the Second,

Between a Termagant Court-Lady, and her Spouse, about settling in the Country.

Wife.

Since you, my Dear, a Country Life admire,
 You, if you please, may to your Seat retire ;
 In Fogs and Dews survey your fertile Grounds,
 And strain your Hunters, to pursue your Hounds.
 But be assur'd, that I abhor to dwell
 A pensive Pris'ner in a Rural Cell ;
 Where, by the Break of Day, your bleating Sheep
 And lowing Oxen, must disturb my Sleep :
 Where croaking Ravens stretch their boding Throats,
 To fright sick Gamblers with their hideous Notes ;
 And with their Jargons of unwelcome Noise,
 Call early Milk-maids, and their Clowns, to rise.
 Go thither you ; but I resolve to stay
 In Town, where all Things look so spruce and gay,
 And fresh Delights spring up with ev'ry new-born
 Day.

Husband.

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Husband.

Tho' I am kind, and study your Delight,
Love you all Day, and hug you close at Night,
I find you will be stubborn *Chloe* still,
Whose chiefest Pleasure is to thwart my Will.

Why, Madam, do you thus torment my Life,
And strive to prove the Devil of a Wife?
What have I done to make you so perverse?
Bad you were always, but you now grow worse;
As if the Serpent, that debauch'd Mankind,
Had sooth'd thy Lust, and left his Sting behind.

Wife.

You take me, sure, to be a monstrous Brute!
What, do you think me *Satan's* Prostitute?
Thank you, my Husband, you're extremely civil;
I fear, my Love, you're jealous of the Devil.

Husband.

My Dear, consid'ring what a Shrew you're grown,
I've almost Cause to think you two are one;
And that both *Satan* and your self, agree
To gratify your Pride in plaguing me.
Whatever Measures for my Ease I take,
You contradict, and labour still to break;
And prove, in Spite of all that Man can do,
The worse tormenting Devil of the two.

Wife.

What Crimes have I committed, to incur
Such Usage, and so vile a Character?
Were e'er your Secrets by my Tongue betray'd?
Or have I once defil'd your Marriage-Bed?

B 4

Have

Have I at Basset, Omber, or Picquet,
 Lavish'd your Gold, and lessen'd your Estate ?
 Do I go mobb'd to Play-house, or to Park,
 To steal some luscious Moments with my Spark ?
 Or plague you Monthly with a Mercer's Bill
 From *Covent-Garden*, or from *Ludgate-Hill* ?
 Do I drink Ratafee, like Lady Punk,
 And cry, the Vapours, when I'm maudlin drunk ?
 Or waste your Treasure in Physicians Fees,
 To humour each new fanciful Disease ?
 Were I indeed like some that you admire,
 False, wanton, proud, profuse in my Attire,
 You then might use me thus ; but I defy
 Your servile Spies to prove I've trod awry.

Husband.

You say you're honest, I believe so too ;
 But Faith, my Dear, you're a confounded Shrew.
 What signifies your Vertue, when your Tongue
 Is with a thousand Plagues and Torments hung ?
 So full of taunting Clamour and Abuse,
 None sure would bear it, but so tame a Goose,
 That's numb'd with Patience by continual Use.

Wife.

Bless me, Sir *Humphrey*, you had need complain
 Of Womens Tongues, for being loose and vain,
 When those provoking Freedoms that you take,
 Would urge a Stone, if possible, to speak.
 How can you think, that I should patient be,
 And hear you thus affront my Quality ?

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Have you not call'd me Shrew ? O piercing Sting !

And can a Lady be so vile a Thing ?

Foh ! you provoking Man, the very Name

Ferments my Blood, and puts me in a Flame.

Had I the Daughter of an Hostess been,

Nurs'd up with Ale in some *White-Chapel* Inn ;

Or had I been some home-spun Country Blowze,

Bred up to serve the Hogs, and fodder Cows,

Such Words might then have suited my Degree ;

But Shrew, I'd have you think's no Name for me !

Such Terms are only fit for courser Mold ;

Ladies may talk, but Ladies cannot scold.

Husband.

If bitter Words, provokingly express'd,

With all the Malice of an angry Breast ;

If Passion, Fury, and a clam'rous Tongue,

With noisy, spiteful Contradictions hung ;

If a curs'd Temper, haughty and perverse,

Subtle as a Serpent, as a Tyger fierce ;

Unruly as the Jade that scorns the Bit,

Not back'd in Time, too fiery to submit ;

Who, if he's spurr'd, will run away too fast,

Or stand stock still, when he should make most Haste ;

If Disregard of Heav'n, and Nature's Laws,

And loud Complaints without a real Cause ;

If stubborn Pride, Repugnancy of Will,

And treach'rous Tears, like those of Crocodile ;

If thwarting Prattle, everlasting Teaze,

And Resolutions ne'er to be at Ease ;

B 5

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Publick Contention, and untimely Jars,
 Noisy Cat-Favours, and nocturnal Wars:
 If these good Qualities make Women Saints,
 Instead of restless Shrews and Termagants;
 Then, Madam, I'll agree with you, and own
 Drabs may be Scolds, but Ladies can be none.

Wife.

I know you're mad, that I refuse to go
 Where dusky Woods abound, and Rivers flow;
 Where Birds in Groves their doleful Ditties sing,
 And Fairies dance by Moon-shine in a Ring;
 Where melancholy Owls, who shun the Light,
 Hoot to their moon-ey'd Mates, their Love by Night;
 Where Rural Swains their noisy Revels make,
 And o'er their *foans*, their Leathern Britches shake;
 Where Sun-burnt Slaves, on Holy-days repair,
 With their tann'd Trulls, to ev'ry Wake and Fair,
 Dance round their May-poles, 'till their clammy Feet
 Poison their Nostrils with their stinking Sweat;
 'Till sick of their dull Sports, the Gluttons fly
 To th' Ale-house Orchard, hungry, hot, and dry;
 There with *March-Beer*, course Apple-pye, and Cheese,
 Cram their wide Gullets, and their Palates please;
 'Till drunk and mad, then, to conclude their Feast,
 With sturdy Blows decide who danc'd the best.

Are these Delights for *Chloe's* Youth design'd?
 Thanks to your Love; I'll swear you're wond'rous kind.
 You know, my Dear, such Pastimes must agree
 Most nicely with my Birth and Quality!

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Can you believe, that I, who long have known
 The various Pleasures of this charming Town,
 The Grandeur of a Court, where all Things shine,
 As if the Place was Heav'n, and Man divine,
 Can quit such Blessings, for a rustick Life,
 Adapted to a Plough-man and his Wife?
 Or poor despairing Souls, who chuse to dwell
 In Solitude, to wait their Passing-Bell?
 No, no; I thank my Stars, I'm in my Wits;
 Troubl'd with no such melancholy Fits.
 I'm not grown lunatick with cloudy Dreams
 Of flow'ry Meads, dark Groves, and purling Streams.
 I'm not in Love; I want no Rosy Bow'r
 To meditate on Shadows by the Hour.

Nor am I bred to Pickles or Preserves,
 Or to make Balfams for your feeble Nerves.
 I cannot teach your Maids to bake or brew,
 Or distil Cordials for your Grooms and you.
 I am no Doctress, that pretends to cure
 The Coughs and Pificks of your neighb'ring Poor;
 Or have I Skill or Charity to spread
 A Plaister for a bruised or broken Head;
 Or can I boast so much Humility,
 To salve the cut Thumbs of your Family;
 And upon all Occasions undertake
 The nauseous Drudg'ry of a rural Quack.
 Therefore, if you expect that I should prove
 So great a Slave, to manifest my Love,
 You're much deceiv'd; I'd sooner chuse the Life
 Of a Town-Miss, than such a Country Wife.

Husband.

Nobly resolv'd, most condescending Spouse.
 Who'd think the Lady should out-do the Blowze ?
 And that a Wife of your illustrious Birth,
 Possess'd of so much Vertue, Wit, and Worth,
 Should rather chuse to prostitute your Charms,
 Than quit the Town, where Vice profusely swarms?
 Break thro' the Fences of your Marriage-Trust,
 And become servile to another's Lust,
 Before you'd wave your Humour to fulfil
 The just Engagements of your Husband's Will ?

If Lady Wives have Right to disobey
 Their wedded Lords, who ought to bear the Sway :
 If Ladies have a Privilege to rule,
 To rave, contend, teaze, bicker, and controul,
 As if their Fortune, Beauty, and their Blood,
 Made them, if bad, appear divinely good :
 Would I had first preferr'd some Rural Maid,
 From Cowl and Hog-tub, to my Nuptial-Bed,
 Or chosen some poor, harmless, tatter'd Wench,
 From Herb-stall, or from off some Alley-Bench,
 Ere I had cur'd my Sheets with such a She,
 That boasts so much of Birth and Quality,
 Yet can out-scoff a Trull, a Wapping Quean,
 But do't, forsooth, with a more graceful Mein ;
 Teaze and torment at an imperious Rate,
 But still take Care to domineer in State.
 Since these your Ladiship's Perfections are,
 Which I am doom'd by Wedlock thus to bear ;

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As Gilders cover Brass and Dross with Gold,
 And Gard'ners over Dung sift finest Mold ;
 So you may boast a Lady's outward Skin,
 But, by my Soul, you're Drab and Dev'l within.

is?

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
 Dialogue.

:

THE *buxom Lady, bred in Town,*
Where Crowds of Beaux admire her,
And chase her Beauty up and down,
To shew how they desire her,

So bewitch'd to London Streets,
Where Villains shine in Splendor ;
And ev'ry wealthy Fool she meets,
Maintains his Mifs in Grandeur.

At She disdains a Country Life,
And all its vertuous Pleasures,
Cause in Town each Lady Wise
May take her own loose Measures.

Husbands revel, whore, and drink ;
Wives keep their Beaux and Nisies :
As all grow wicked, so they wink
At one another's Vices.

That

*That He who does to London come,
To wed a Town-bred Woman,
Had better range the Woods at Home,
With Joler, and with Bowman.*

*For Sodom's Daughters can't conform
To Pleasures that are Rural ;
But like to live where Blockheads swarm,
And loving Sisters whore all.*

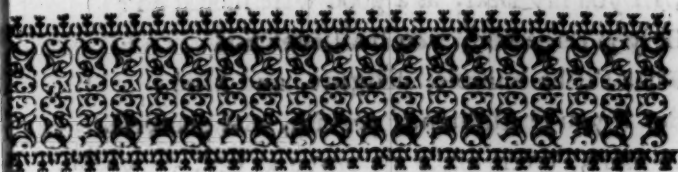


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DIALOGUE



DIALOGUE the Third,

Between a fond Gentleman, and his coaxing Lady.

Husband.

THAT Look, my Dear, was very kind, I vow :
What charming Smiles are seated on your Brow ?
How fond and gay you of a sudden prove,
All over Beauty, Pleasantry, and Love ?
Did you but know how this engaging Air
Becomes a Woman so divinely fair,
How you would never, in your Dumps, disguise,
With sullen Pouts, the Lustre of those Eyes ;
But let your Spouse be always happy in
The native Sweetness of your lovely Mein.

Wife.

Women at all Times can't alike be free,
The best will now and then ill-humour'd be.
I hope I'm courteous and obliging now ;
And always please you, if I knew but how.
Did I not hug you in my Arms last Night,
And summon all my Charms to your Delight ?

Did

Did I not vow I'd be for ever true ?
 Call you my Dear, as a good Wife should do ?
 Be you respectful, you shall ever find
 That I'll be humble, diligent, and kind :
 But if you're slighting, peevish, and perverse,
 In short, 'twill make me prove as bad, or worse.

Husband.

I know, *Belinda*, that your Frowns are oft
 The politick Effects of female Craft.
 You can seem angry, tho' your Mind's sedate,
 And hide your Love with a dissembl'd Hate ;
 Be peevish, slighting, petulant, and sow'r,
 On Purpose to exert your Beauty's Pow'r ;
 That when your Frowns are vanish'd from your Brows,
 Your Smiles may prove more welcome to your Spouse.
 So misty Vapours from the Earth arise,
 And for a Time hide *Phæbus* from our Eyes ;
 But when dispers'd, the God the brighter seems,
 And we with greater Joy behold his Beams.

Wife.

Frowns are Advantages to female Smiles ;
 A Woman's Poutings, are her Beauty's Foils.
 A Teaze in Season, but ferments the Blood,
 Revives the Spirits, does a Husband Good.
 Lovers should jar, sick Fancy to restore,
 And hug the closer when the Quarrel's o'er.
 Were't not for clashing, Love would soon decay,
 And Time, with less Delight, would slide away.
 For Marriage-Feuds, that in the Day arise,
 Are recompens'd at Night with double Joys ;

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Such that are hid from that insipid Life,
 Where dull Indifference reigns 'twixt Man and Wife:
 For Love, like Musick, cannot perfect be,
 Left Discord's rightly mix'd with Harmony.

Husband.

'Tis true, some Jars in Wedlock, that arise,
 Whet but our Appetites to nuptial Joys;
 Yet there are some Disputes, that disunite
 Our Hearts, and disappoint us of Delight;
 Such that do oft turn mutual Love to Hate,
 And in revengeful Malice terminate:
 For Love, that with the greatest Ardour burns,
 Fill rewarded, to Aversion turns.
 As the best Wines, if not preserv'd with Care,
 Will soon become the sharpest Vinegar.

Wife.

But what must be the Cause of such Disputes,
 That can change Lovers to such angry Brutes,
 And make them so revengeful and absurd,
 As strive to ruin what they once ador'd?
 Were all the vexing Discords to arise,
 That Wedlock could produce, or Fate devise,
 No Malice my Affections should suppress,
 Or make me love my Dear one Jot the less.

Husband.

I'm glad, *Belinda*, you are so resolv'd;
 But you in Cares have ne'er been yet involv'd;
 You've no Occasions to disturb your Rest;
 No Provocations to inflame your Breast;

No

No jealous Conflicts to distract your Soul ;
 No stubborn Spouse your Humour to controul ;
 No beauteous Rival kept beneath your Nose ;
 No fordid Threats ; no brutish Kicks or Blows ;
 No angry, cross-grain'd Fool ; no Midnight Rake ;
 No beastly Sor, to spew upon your Back ;
 No Claps brought Home ; no Bastards kept at Nurse ;
 No saucy Duns, or that which still is worse,
 The Curse of Curses, an insolvent Purse.

Would not these Plagues your female Patience move ?
 And try your boasted Vertue, and your Love ?
 But you have all Things that can please your Mind ;
 A lib'ral Fortune, and a Husband kind ;
 And therefore know not what it is to fear
 The Usage other Wives are forc'd to wear.

Wife.

Hardships, like these, I own might prove too great
 For feeble Woman to sustain their Weight.
 Had any Mistress in your Heart a Share,
 I must confess I no Revenge should spare.
 The patient'st Wife alive, could never, sure,
 A Rival in her Nuptial-Bed endure :
 Such humble Acquiescence would proclaim
 A Woman's Folly to her publick Shame,
 And shew the Wretch ridiculously tame :
 Or should you strike me in an angry Mood,
 You may be sure I'd pois'n you if I cou'd.
 But Men, like you, of Breeding, and of Birth,
 Can ne'er so far degen'rate from your Worth.

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Blows only pass 'twixt Porters and their Trulls,
Where brutish Rage, instead of Reason, rules.
Those of our Rank, altho' the Cause be great,
Should scorn to jar at such a scoundrel Race.

All but these grand Abuses, as I live,
I could forget, nay, heartily forgive;
But Blows and Rivals, are Affronts so evil,
They'd make an Angel of a Wife turn Devil.

Husband.

My dear *Belinda*, I am past my Hour;
I should have been at *Charing-Cross* by Four:
Your pleasant Talk has spur'd on Time too fast;
Farewel, my Dear; excuse me, I'm in Haste.

Wife.

But stay, my Dear, I have a small Request.
I promis'd, Child, at six a Clock to go
To Madam *Sharps*, to meet my Lady *Loo*;
My Lady *Quickdeal*, and Sir *John's* new Bride;
My Lady *Patch*, and sev'ral more beside.
We've set this Night apart for Play;
I shall have mighty Luck, I dare to say,
Because we've been so loving all this Day.

But by this Kiss, my Dear, you must supply me
With twenty Guineas; prithy don't deny me.
A Purse of Gold, at such a Time, you know
Looks well, and makes a creditable Show.

Husband.

I must confesse, I was amaz'd to find
Belinda so extreemly fond and kind;

But

But now the Cause is clear : Yet there's my Keys ;
 Prove always so, and take what Gold you please.
 I know, my Dear, a Wife would think it hard
 Dissembl'd Goodness should have no Reward.

Therefore the Man that would preserve his Life,
 Free from the teasing Humours of a Wife,
 Must ne'er be backward, in a marry'd State,
 To purchase Ease at an expensive Rate :
 For a proud Wife kept poorly, or controul'd,
 Will surely prove a Harlot, or a Scold.

~~~~~

### Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

**A**S Wives have sundry Ways to tease,  
 And put us at Defiance,  
 So have they many Arts to please,  
 And win us to Compliance.

The cunning Shrew, her Point to gain,  
 Will wave her native Temper,  
 And coax her Spouse, tho' in the Main,  
 She's still Eadem Semper.

Some Ladies doat on Cards and Dice ;  
 Some Wives the Bottle drive at :  
 In short, each Woman has her Vice  
 In publick or in private.

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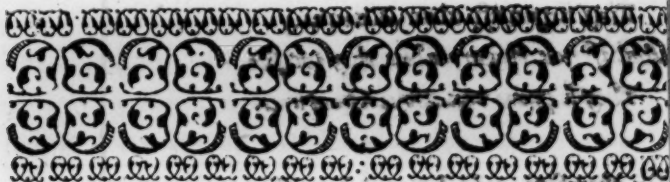
*In Spite of all that Man can do,  
They'll gratify their Natures ;  
And if you thwart what they pursue,  
They'll prove vexatious Creatures.*

*You therefore, who have vicious Wives,  
Whose Tempers are to lord it,  
Please 'em, to ease your wretched Lives,  
If able to afford it.*

*For all that can, alas ! be said,  
You have but these two Measures ;  
That's turn 'em off, if very bad,  
Or hum'r 'em in their Pleasures.*



**DIALOGUE**



## DIALOGUE the Fourth,

*Between a City-Termagant, and her Mechanick  
Spouse.*

*Wife.*

**W**Hat ails the angry Sot? Poor jealous Fool;  
Yes, I'll obey when you have Pow'r to rule.  
Marry come up, indeed; what's that to you,  
Where I have been intriguing, or with who?  
What, can't a Wife her Recreation take,  
But you must all this noisy Bustle make?  
Must I be fearful, on a Summer's Day  
To take a Walk, or see a harmless Play,  
Because, forsooth, I've such a jealous Spouse,  
That thinks each Man I speak to, horns his Brows?

*Husband.*

Hussy, I say, you are a wanton Slut,  
To steal Abroad, when I my self am out.  
'Tis to my Shame, you Minx, that you're so free  
To gad Abroad with any Man, but me.  
What, tho' he be your Cousin, 'tis a Crime;  
I've heard strange Things of Cousins in my Time:

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Not but I scorn to have a jealous Pate ;

Yet I say Cousins should not be so great :

Therefore pray keep within your own House-door,

And Cousin me no Cousins any more.

*Wife.*

I know, you Goat, you're a mistrustful Creature;

The *Æthiopian* cannot help his Nature.

But tho' your Head be plagu'd with this Disease,

I still shall take what Liberties I please.

*Mechanic.* Since you your Company Abroad refuse ;

Who better than a Kinsman can I chuse,

To guard me from the Rudeness of a Crew

Of nasty lustful Fellows, such as you ?

*Husband.*

Fool ;  
to rule. Why, how now, Hussy, you notorious Punk ?

Who is't you talk to ? I believe you're drunk.

What do you make of me, you prating Blowze ?

Isn't I your Lord and Master, and your Spouse ?

And ought not I, you saucy Minx, to know

Your Bus'ness out, and whither 'tis you go ?

*Wife.*

High Time, indeed, you should be so obey'd ;  
Brows ? I'll take me for your Slave, or Servant-Maid ?

Had you two thousand Pounds upon the Nail,

To be my Turn-key, and your House my Jail ?

To free Had I such Breeding on my Youth bestow'd,

To be mew'd up, and fetter'd from Abroad ?

Must I, behind your Compter, spend my Life,

That Passengers may view your handsome Wife ?

Time : There,

No

There, like a Fool, sit playing with my Thumbs,  
 To learn the Price of Sugars, and of Plumbs?  
 Not I indeed; I'll not be so subdu'd,  
 But take my Pleasure, as a Woman shou'd:  
 Drefs, visit, gossip, gad where e'er I please;  
 And if you thwart me, study how to teaze.  
 I never wrong'd you, I can justly say;  
 But if you plague me thus, perhaps I may.

*Husband.*

'Tis well you han't already stept aside;  
 If not, I'm sure you're damnably bely'd:  
 Not that I think so; but my Neighbours do,  
 Because you are so great with you know who.  
 But for the future, you shall find, ads nigs,  
 I'll break the Neck of all your Jade's Intrigues.

*Wife.*

Do if you can; but if I've e'er done Ill,  
 In Spite of all your Craft, I'll do so still.  
 Were I a faithless, or a wicked Creature,  
 Threats, Words, or Blows, should never make me better.

*Husband.*

Not that I think you mean me any Hurt:  
 But should I chance to catch you at the Sport,  
 You then should find I'd make the Dev'l to do;  
 I'd not be doubly pointed at for you.

*Wife.*

When Woman's such a Fool to let her Spouse  
 Catch her in grafting Antlers on his Brows,  
 She then deserves to have the foul Disgrace  
 Publish'd in ev'ry common Market-place;

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And by her horn-mad Husband, to be made  
 A sad Example for a silly Jade.  
 But pray, suppose she's such a cunning Quean  
 To do the Trick, and not be caught, what then ?

*Husband.*

F'r ought I know, Hussy, you may be the Dame  
 That has the Craft to sin without the Shame.  
 I'll have no Cousin *Courtly*, as you call him,  
 Come hither, Baggage ; if he does, I'll maul him :  
 Not that I'm jealous, Hussy, but I scorn  
 My Neighbours here, where I was bred and born,  
 Should but so much as think I wear the Horn. }

*Wife.*

Hussy not me ; I'll no such Language bear ;  
 My Fortune, Sirrah, made you what you are :  
 And must I now love, honour, and obey  
 A Fool that's started up but t' other Day ?  
 Not I, except it be the backward Way. }

*Husband.*

me better. Hussy, you are the most provoking Jade  
 That surely ever curs'd a Marriage-Bed.  
 With ev'ry Pound, you've brought a thousand Plagues.  
 Would I had wedded some poor Wench in Rags,  
 Rather than one so impudently bold ;  
 A Jilt, a Slut, damn'd lazy, and a Scold.

*Wife.*

pouse Too good for such a cross-grain'd, jealous Owl.  
 vs, I say who are you, you Sugarcandy Fool?  
 ce bound 'Prentice by the Parish, f'r ought I know,  
 ; do' with my Fortune now you make a Show,

And

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And

And bluster with your Hogheads round your Shop ?  
But, Sirrah, 'twas my Fortune set you up.

*Husband.*

'Tis false, you Slut ; 'tis to my Neighbours known,  
Ere plagu'd with you, I'd Money of my own,  
Got by my Parents justly, God be prais'd,  
And not by Quarts unseal'd, as yours was rais'd.  
Short Measure, Hussy, fill'd your Father's Purse ;  
That makes your Fortune come with such a Curse.  
I ne'er expect to thrive with what you brought,  
Your boasted Thousands were so basely got.  
Your Breeding too, of which you boast and talk,  
Arose from Vintner's Bar, and double Chalk.

*Wife.*

You L—e, you sorry Knave ; that's *English* plain ;  
'Tis known my Father was an honest Man.  
He fed the Poor, pay'd ev'ry one his Due ;  
That's more than any Man will say by you.  
He ne'er with jealous Heats my Mother teaz'd,  
But let her go and come when e'er she pleas'd ;  
Would trust her up all Night, and let her be  
Jocund with Customers, with Drawers free ;  
And scorn'd to use a Wife, as you do me.

*Husband.*

You know, you Shrew, you never in your Life  
Far'd half so well, as since you've been my Wife.  
Do I not ev'ry Day with Dainties feed ye ?  
And buy you Sattins, fitter for a Lady ?  
Don't I at Church above your Betters place ye ?  
And keep an idle Jade to comb and lace ye ?

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Do you not weekly Coach it up and down ?  
 And ramble with your Cousin thro' the Town ?  
 Ride down to *Dulledge* ? Stay a Week together ?  
 And wander round the Country, God knows whither ?  
 Yet, tho' your Kinsman be a jolly Fellow,  
 Am I i' th' least (as Women call it) yellow ?

Do I not bear with all your Frowns and Pouts ?  
 And slave, to treat your Gossips and your Sluts ?  
 Harlots, f'r ought I know, who are always talking  
 Of Park and Play-house, Junketting and Walking ?  
 As if a Wife had nothing else to do,  
 But gad Abroad to see I know not who !  
 Yet, tho' I suffer this, to make you easy,  
 Nothing that I can do, forsooth, will please ye.  
 Will the best Meat in *Leaden-Hall* content ye ?  
 Do I in Quiet eat one Meal in twenty ?  
 Do you not rail before my Neighbours Faces ?  
 And scold and wrangle in our Night-Embraces ?  
 As if you lov'd to shew your fiery Passion,  
 As noisy Cats do theirs in *Copulation*.

*Wife.*

For Shame, you foul-mouth'd, bawdy Beast, forbear ;  
 Is't fit your Wife such smutty Stuff should hear ?  
 D'ye think the Secrets of our Nuptial-Bed,  
 Should, when we're up, our common Chat be made ?  
 Such Talk as yours, were not a Woman bent  
 To Modesty, would make her impudent.

*Husband.*

It was a Fault, indeed ; I blush for Shame ;  
 Excuse me, Honey, I was much to blame.

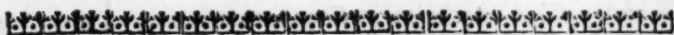
'Twas Passion made me foolish, by my Life;  
 I know I should not talk so to a Wife.  
 Prithee forgive me; Bawdy I abhor;  
 What I have said, I vow I'm sorry for.  
 Come, let's be Friends; what signifies our wrangling?  
 Prithee, my Dear, let's lay aside our Jangling.

*Wife.*

Be quiet, Foolish: How indecent this is?  
 Flatter not me with your dissembling Kisses.  
 Prithee, be modest: Is the Devil in ye?  
 I hate to humour such a jealous Ninny.  
 You're always scolding, like an ill-bred Clown;  
 Or else as fond as if 'twas Honey-Moon.

*Husband.*

'We Men, my Dear, who love to whet our Spleen,  
 Only fall out, in order to fall in.  
 As Judges oft dissemble stern Behaviour,  
 And threaten hardest, when they mean most Favour.



### Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

**T**HE Fool that weds a Shrew, because  
 Her Tongue is tipt with Silver,  
 Deserves the Punishment he has,  
 What ever be his Ill-fare.

He

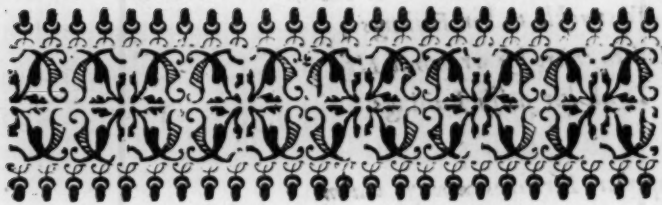
*He's brib'd by a tormenting Wife,  
To truckle to her Failings ;  
And to inure his wretched Life  
To all her noisy Railings.*

*Superior Fortunes always claim  
A Right of Domination ;  
And he that weds the wealthy Dame,  
Should wink at each Transgression.*

*How oft do Golden Ladies buy  
Poor worthless Fools for Covers,  
That they the better may enjoy  
Variety of Lovers ?*

*He therefore, who does only aim  
At Money with a Woman,  
Ought, for her Gold, to hide her Shame,  
Altho' she's ne'er so common.*

*For when the beauteous Dame shall yoke  
A Fool beneath her Fortune,  
He ought to think himself a Cloak,  
A Cypher, and a Curtain.*



### DIALOGUE the Fifth,

*Between the happy Pair, concerning the Comforts of mutual Fidelity, and the innocent Pleasures of a retir'd Life.*

*Husband.*

**H**OW blest'd, dear *Chloe*, is this sweet Recess ?  
 How happy does our Love make ev'ry Place ?  
 The charming Beauties which your Looks display,  
 Make all Things pleasant, innocent, and gay.  
 Thus seated, we, without Offence, may boast  
 That blissful State our sinful Parents lost.

*Wife.*

Your kind Deportment, my indulgent Dear,  
 Your Love, Fidelity, and tender Care,  
 Fill me with Joy, your Mansion-house with Peace,  
 And make the World to me seem Paradise ;  
 Where no Disorders reach my quiet Breast,  
 Or anxious Sorrows interrupt my Rest ;  
 But all Things to my Happiness conspire,  
 And leave me nothing farther to desire.  
 For since your Love is so divinely true,  
 The Gods have giv'n me all, in giving you.

*Husband.*

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*Husband.*

What savage Fury must possess my Mind,  
 To make me otherwise than just and kind,  
 Since all the Vertues that adorn the Fair,  
 Meet in your pious Breast, and center there;  
 Whilst your external Charms, and lovely Mein,  
 Proclaim those Heav'nly Gifts that lodge within;  
 And ev'ry Hour your loving Looks convey  
 New Blessings to my Soul some secret Way?

*Wife.*

Oh! that I had but Beauty to reward  
 Your faithful Love, and generous Regard;  
 Then might I merit that Esteem, which now  
 Does only from your native Goodness flow.  
 But I must own, I have too great a Share  
 Of those weak Failings that affect the Fair;  
 And have not Charms sufficient to repay  
 Those kind Endearments I receive each Day.  
 However, Dearest, I'll obedient prove,  
 And still abound in Duty and in Love;  
 That what I want in outward Gifts, may be  
 Made up in Vertue and Humility.

*Husband.*

Such kind Angelick Words, my Dear, would move  
 A grateful Breast to an Excess of Love.  
 Had you no Charms, but Eloquence alone,  
 Express'd in such a soft and gentle Tone,  
 'Twould be enough to win a Heart like mine,  
 And make me glad to be entirely thine.

C 4

But,

*Husband.*

But, *Chloe*, you besides are young and fair,  
 And good as the immortal Angels are ;  
 Humble, obedient, generous, and kind,  
 Adorn'd with all the Riches of the Mind,  
 That any Wife can boast, or Husband wish to find.

*Wife.*

Oh ! that I could for ever but enjoy  
 So bless'd a Life, which Death will once destroy !  
 Why should my Love be punish'd with the Fear  
 Of ever parting with a Spouse so dear ?  
 Oh ! why should the severe Decrees of Fate  
 Put a dark Period to our happy State ?  
 And leave the sad Survivor to bemoan  
 A Life so wretched, when the other's gone,  
 That can admit no Comfort or Relief,  
 To ease our Groans, or moderate our Grief ?

*Husband.*

'Tis hard, my *Chloe* ; but the Gods are kind,  
 And for the Just have future Joys design'd ;  
 That Lovers, when they part, may ease their Pain,  
 By pleasing Hopes of meeting once again.  
 Death's but a peaceful Slumber in the Grave ;  
 When we awake, we endless Life shall have ;  
 And on eternal Wings, from thence arise  
 Beyond the Limits of yon dusky Skies ;  
 There dwell in Friendship with the Gods above,  
 And be for ever bless'd in Peace and Love.

*Wife.*

'Tis a great Comfort to my Soul, that we  
 Can be assur'd we shall for ever be.

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For what could more disturb our happy State,  
Than the distracting Fears, that Joys so great,  
Should, in eternal Silence, terminate?

*Husband.*

These Thoughts, my charming *Chloe*, seem too grave :  
For a young Bride in all her Bloom to have.  
Futurity's a Mystery too great :  
For Female Wit to fathom or debate.  
Such Things we to our wiser Guides should leave,  
Lest our weak Reason should our Selves deceive.  
Let us believe those Wonders we are taught ;  
Strive to be just in Action, and in Thought ;  
Be careful to support our Innocence ;  
Give neither to the Gods or Man Offence.  
Pursue these Measures, hoping to be blest,  
And to kind Providence resign the rest,  
Who wisely orders all Things for the best.

*Wife.*

Your friendly Dictates are of greatest Force ;  
What you command me, I obey in Course :  
I'm taught alone by what you say and do ;  
And hope I need no other Guide but you.  
Your kind Examples are a tempting Road  
To Vertue, Piety, and all that's good.  
Therefore, my Dear, I cannot fear to stray,  
Whilst you conduct me thro' so safe a Way.

*Husband.*

Since, my dear *Chloe*, you depend on me,  
I shall the more exact and upright be :

For who would from the Paths of Vertue fly,  
 To lead such charming Innocence awry?  
 What Man would, by the brightest Looks, be led  
 From the just Pleasures of his Nuptial-Bed,  
 Who has so true a Friend, so kind a Wife,  
 To crown the Comforts of a vertuous Life?  
 What Sot would your sweet Company decline,  
 To scorch his Nerves with an Excess of Wine;  
 And stagger into such delightful Arms,  
 Thoughtless of Love, and senseless of your Charms?  
 There belching lie, of Vigor dispossess'd,  
 Slighting those Joys he has no Pow'r to taste.  
 Thus the sick Appetite disdains the Food  
 As nauseous, which the Healthful find is good.

Usage, like this, might Female Thoughts confound,  
 And make the strictest Vertue quit her Ground.  
 But you, I hope, dear *Chloe*, are assur'd,  
 That you from all such Dangers are secur'd:  
 For I have too much Sense of your Desert,  
 Too just a Conscience, and too kind a Heart,  
 To suffer you, the Comfort of my Breast,  
 A Wife so charming, so divinely blest,  
 To feel the Torments of unmanly Strife,  
 Or lead an injur'd, or neglected Life;  
 For I have Sense and Gratitude, to know  
 The Nuptial Blessings we expect below,  
 Must from true Love and mutual Vertue flow.

*Wife.*

You make your Goodness ev'ry Moment known;  
 I fear not yours, but rather doubt my own,

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Left Female Weakness spoils my good Intent,  
 And renders that amiss, which well is meant ;  
 So that my Love, which glows to an Extream,  
 May short of yours, thro' Indiscretion, seem.  
 For the rough Diamond cannot shine so bright  
 As the Jem polish'd to a skilful Height ;  
 Yet both may equal Estimation bear,  
 Tho' one with greater Lustre does appear.

*Husband.*

But, Love, that Jewel which adorns the Heart,  
 Shines the most bright without the Help of Art ;  
 All other Wealth in Value it exceeds ;  
 And, if it's true, it no Improvement needs ;  
 Its own intrinsic Worth it will display,  
 And thro' the Eyes, like Light'ning, make its Way.  
 Therefore, dear *Chloe*, I your Love can view  
 In each kind Thing you either say or do.  
 Your Looks alone sufficiently impart  
 The gen'rous Ardor that inflames your Heart ;  
 So that 'tis I must summon all my Pow'rs,  
 To make my Friendship adequate to yours ;  
 For in your Heav'nly Nature I discern  
 Those Duties others must be forc'd to learn.

*Wife.*

You make me happy in your kind Conceit,  
 That in my Breast such Love and Vertue meet.  
 Oh ! that I could but be as free from Fau'ts,  
 And raise my Merit equal to your Thoughts !  
 Then should I hope so rich a Heart might prove  
 Deserving your inestimable Love.

Left

C 6

But

But I, alas ! can boast no Charms to please ;  
 No Arts to palliate my Infirmities ;  
 I have no study'd Smiles t'improve my Air ;  
 No skilful Means to make my Looks more fair ;  
 But must at best discover that I am  
 A rural, home-spun, tho' an honest Dame,  
 Who nothing but her Vertue has to boast,  
 And can but prove a loving Wife at most.

*Husband.*

Your native Sweetness I alone admire,  
 And your Esteem is all that I desire.  
 Besides the Offsprings of our Nuptial-Bed,  
 To bless the future World when we are dead ;  
 For amongst all that Heav'n has in Store,  
 No kind Donation could I wish for more,  
 Than that the Fruits of so divine a Tree  
 Might spread and flourish to Eternity,  
 That distant Ages still to come, might read  
 Thy noble Vertues in our gen'rous Seed.

*Wife.*

I hope, my Dear, since 'tis your earnest Choice,  
 That Heav'n, in Time, will crown our Nuptial Joys :  
 Few Moons, as yet, have pass'd that happy Day,  
 On which I vow'd to honour and obey.  
 My tender Years may still with Patience wait ;  
 I'm unexperienc'd in a marry'd State ;  
 And therefore know not but the Gods above  
 May have already crown'd our mutual Love.

*Husband*

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*Husband.*

I wish it so may prove ; with what Delight  
 Could I behold so promising a Sight ?

A Wife so beauteous, pregnant in her Bloom ;  
 A Female Angel with a fruitful Womb.

May Nature's Pow'rs the darling Bud increase,

And the kind Gods the happy *Fetus* bless,

That I may live to tremble at thy Crys,

Pity those Pains that do thy Nerves surprize,

And pray good Heav'n to turn thy Sorrows into Joys. }

*Wife.*

The Pangs of Child-birth, doubtless must be great,  
 Tedious the Moments, and severe the Fate ;

But yet, methinks I could with Patience bear

The sharpest Suff'rings, to oblige my Dear.

What is't I could not do ? What Hazards run,

To raise your Image in a sprightly Son ?

That your own Likeness, full of infant Charms,

Might bless your Eyes, and my indulging Arms.

*Husband.*

How happy, dearest *Chloe*, should we be,

To see a fair Angelick Progeny,

Sporting around us, free of all Offence,

Like Cherubs in a State of Innocence ?

Some wearing on their Brows your beauteous Smiles,

That their sweet Looks may bless their Father's Toils ;

Others appearing of a courser Mold,

Like me, more active, masculine, and bold ;

That you each Hour in Miniature may view

My Image, and your fading Love renew.

*Wife.*

*Wife.*

No Time, my dear *Philander*, can impair  
 The high Esteem I for your Vertues bear ;  
 Th' Impression is too strong, my Love too great,  
 For Age or Envy to obliterate.  
 I ne'er shall want such Blessings to revive  
 Those vertuous Flames, that will for ever live ;  
 Yet should I think my self divinely blest,  
 To hug your Image at my tender Breast,  
 That those Indearments I should fondly shew  
 To my sweet Babe, altho' by Nature due,  
 Might manifest the Love I bear to you.

*Husband.*

I doubt not, *Chloe*, but the Gods will bless  
 Our Nuptial Comforts with desir'd Success.  
 Let us with Patience wait the happy Time ;  
 For to prescribe to Heav'n, would be a Crime.

The Sun's just set, and tho' the Ev'ning's warm,  
 I fear the falling Damps should do us Harm :  
 Unwholsome Vapours may infect the Air ;  
 Let's quit the Bow'r, and to the House repair ;  
 Sup with Content, to Bed when we have done,  
 Where all the Joys of Life are summ'd in one.

*Wife.*

I'm free to all that is your Will, to do,  
 Your prudent Measures gladly I pursue,  
 For I am only happy in obeying you.

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Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing  
Dialogue.

WHERE mutual Love 'twix Man and Wife  
Adorns a marry'd Station,  
Sweetens all the Cares of Life,  
And leaves no Room for Passion.

Angelic Peace, that Heav'nly Dow'r,  
That estimable Treasure,  
Crown's ev'ry happy Day and Hour  
With inexpressive Pleasure.

dearing Smiles, and loving Words,  
Give Comfort to each other;  
And ev'ry kind Embrace, affords  
New Causes of another. —

Each Minute blooms with fresh Delight,  
That ripens to a Blessing;  
And Love unweary'd, crowns the Night  
With Joys beyond expressing.

And with Content reciprocal,  
They ease each other's Labours:  
Thus do they live belov'd of all,  
And honour'd by their Neighbours.

Whilst

*Whilst-jarring Fools in Discord dwell,  
 That 'tis a Shame to hear 'em ;  
 And prove as noisy as Bow-Bell,  
 To all that live but near 'em.*

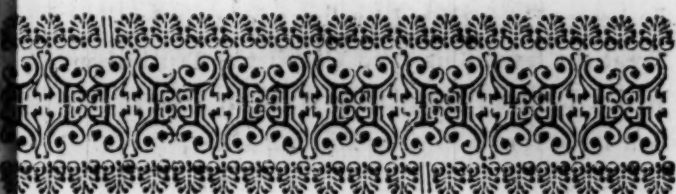


*Between a  
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**P** Rithee,  
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**DIALOG**

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## DIALOGUE the Sixth,

*Between a young Libertine, and an old canting rich Widow, he had marry'd for her Money.*

*Husband.*

**P**Rithee, old Granny, hold thy jarring Tongue ;  
 Tho' you are old and toothless, I am young.  
 Fill not my Ears with Noise, or Breast with Cares,  
 But mind thy Brandy-Bottel, and thy Pray'rs.  
 What, tho' I've warm'd thee in my Nuptial Sheets,  
 And thaw'd thy frozen Limbs with joyful Heats,  
 Must I not therefore to the Tavern stir,  
 But thus be teaz'd with so much Chum and Chir ?  
 Forbear your preaching, with your Cant have done ;  
 Sure, Mother Wife, you take me for your Son.

*Wife.*

DIALOG

I only do what ev'ry Woman shou'd  
 Advise a wicked Husband for his Good.  
 Do you not ev'ry Day swear, game, and drink ?  
 What will become of your poor Soul, d'ye think ?

Do

Do you not keep a Strumpet young and fair,  
 In better Dress than I presume to wear ?  
 Treat the lewd Slur, and Coach the Trull about,  
 Whilst I, alas ! am glad to walk on Foot ?  
 Am I not forc'd to go to Church alone,  
 Neglected by my Spouse, as if I'd none ?  
 Whilst you, perhaps, the holy Sabbath waste  
 In the vile Arms of some lascivious Beast.  
 O fie ! my Dear, what can you think will prove  
 The sad Event of such unlawful Love ?  
 Body and Soul must for your Pleasure pay ;  
 And when you've squander'd your Estate away,  
 The gaudy Snakes you have so oft embrac'd,  
 Who help you to expend your Wealth so fast,  
 Will triumph o'er your sad Decay at last.

*Husband.*

Such Doctrine from a Priest, is well enough ;  
 But from a Wife, 'tis very nauseous Stuff.  
 What Man would mind the most authentick Truth,  
 Spoke by a Magpy, or a Parror's Mouth ?  
 Kind am'rous Lectures, from a Wife that's young,  
 Delight the Ear, and well become her Tongue ;  
 But such long Sermons, and Reproofs as these,  
 From an old Hag, are a confounded Teaze ;  
 Such rev'rend Speeches, from a grizly Jade,  
 Fitter for Witchcraft, than a Nuptial-Bed,  
 Can ne'er be pleasant to an airy Spouse,  
 Too young for barren Joys, and wrinkl'd Brows.

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*Wife*



*Wife.*

Fool that I was ! Oh ! curse the fatal Hour,  
 which I gave my Bags into your Pow'r !  
 That fawning Proteftations could you make,  
 and Vows, to keep what now each Hour you break ?  
 Did you not swear, that I should always find  
 your Words respectful, and your Actions kind ?  
 But now, alas ! your Flatt'ries have obtain'd  
 my useful Wealth, my Person is disdain'd ;  
 my Age despis'd, my Nuptial Hopes buffoon'd :  
 my Love but laugh'd at, and my Fortune ruin'd ;  
 And, because destitute of youthful Charms,  
 hateful my Bed, and nauseous are my Arms.

*Husband.*

Faith, Madam, if you'd know the real Truth,  
 can't join Lips with such a toothless Mouth ;  
 Which, like *Pandora's* Box, affords such Fumes,  
 that smell of Death, and stink of rotten Gums.  
 I cannot kiss when you have done your Pray'rs,  
 nor Cheeks, made clammy by repenting Tears :  
 nor can I hug, when I have heard your Groans,  
 nor wither'd Skinful of such mouldy Bones.  
 Your Pains and Aches fright me from your Arms.  
 I can't be tempted, where there are no Charms.  
 Therefore, since you would be so vain, to buy  
 a young a Spouse, when you were past the Joy,  
 my Sins are chargeable on your sweet Tooth,  
 which, in your Age, had such a Lust to Youth :

For

*Wife*

For who can, in his Prime and Vigour, wed  
A wither'd Relict, toothless and decay'd,  
And not, for Beauty's Sake, defile his Marriage-Bed?

*Wife.*

Oh! wicked Man! why would you then approve  
A Woman for your Wife, you could not love?  
If Age, that's destitute of Female Charms,  
Be so obnoxious to your younger Arms,  
My Failings could not from your Eyes be hid.  
The Faults you find, you in my Looks might read,  
Before your Flatt'ries brought me to agree  
To give you Title to my Wealth, and me.  
Why then would you so ill a Match pursue,  
To make me wretched, and your self so too?  
If you foresaw my fading Years would prove  
So great an Antidote to Nuptial-Love,  
Why would you put on Nature such a Force,  
As join to Age for better and for worse?  
Therefore, since you, who knew me to be old,  
With all my Faults, would wed me for my Gold,  
'Tis barb'rous now to slight me, and despise  
My Age, for my foreseen Infirmities.  
Since I, to make you happy, have resign'd  
My Wealth, you ought in Conscience to be kind;  
And not to waste that Riches which I brought,  
On common Sluts, most scandalously naught;  
For since I gave you what you spend on them,  
The Donor ought to share in your Esteem;  
Because, consider, Wretch, that 'tis my Gold  
Helps you to younger Flesh, tho' I am old.

*Husband*

*Husband.*

ed 'Tis true, your Age and Money are the Cause  
 at I so oft transgress the Marriage-Laws :  
 ge-Bed? for who can bury'd lie in wither'd Arms,  
 That wants no Wealth to purchase youthful Charms?  
 approve you, with rev'rend Furrows on your Brows,  
 e ? Would hazard all, to wed a strenuous Spouse,  
 how can you think that I should be content?  
 , who am youthful, and to Pleasures bent,  
 hid. To waste my Days, and fool away my Nights,  
 ht read, With a dry Skeliton, past Love's Delights?  
 Frozen Age, i' th' Winter of Decay,  
 in a young Mate would fling her Wealth away,  
 , say how can such a Wife, with Justice, blame  
 o ? youthful Husband, when he does the same ?  
 ve. or if Love's Appetite will prove so strong  
 aged Veins, who have enjoy'd it long,  
 , All may the Brisk and Youthful run astray,  
 ince old decrepid Letchers shew the Way.

*Wife.*

old; Men always frame a plausible Excuse  
 Gold, for lawless Freedoms they are prone to use.  
 fe The Wicked their Evasions never want ;  
 The Villain labours to be thought a Saint ;  
 e kind ; and if detected, slightly casts the Blame  
 ght, on others, that himself may shun the Shame.  
 ght ; Those who the worst of Villanies pursue,  
 em, still plead Necessity for what they do ;  
 old. And ev'ry common Prostitute pretends  
 he sins for Want of Money, or of Friends ;

When

*Husband*

When 'tis alone their Lust, for Want of Grace,  
 That spurs them forward to be lewd and base.  
 So you would make my barren Age the Cause  
 Why you offend, and break good Heaven's Laws ;  
 When your own sinful Appetite mislead  
 Your wav'ring Heart to wrong your Marriage-Bed.

*Husband.*

Prithee, old Woman, hold thy teasing Tongue ;  
 Thou'rt ancient, and forgets that I am young.  
 Would you remember, when with Beauty arm'd,  
 How ev'ry Lover's Kiss your Fancy warm'd ;  
 How brisk and gay, how frolicksome you were,  
 When youthful, pleasant, forward, kind, and fair  
 What subtil Arts you've us'd to win a Spark ;  
 And how you've wish'd to meet him in the Dark ;  
 How close you kiss'd ; what Pleasures you have stoln  
 And what strange Things he did to charm your Soul  
 How you first nibbl'd at the tempting Hook,  
 In Spite of all the Care your Mother took ;  
 How you thought this the sweetest Man alive ;  
 Yet would next Day some new Intrigue contrive ;  
 What Vows, with Reservations, you have made ;  
 How many you have lov'd ; what Fools betray'd :  
 How oft you wrong'd your Husband in your Youth  
 What Lies you told, yet swore that they were True  
 What Stratagems you form'd ; what strange Fatigue  
 You run thro', to accomplish your Intrigues ;  
 What plausible Excuses you would coin,  
 To cheat the Fool, and manage your Design.

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Would you but recollect such Things as these,  
 and think on all your own Enormities,  
 you would not then so great a Wonder make  
 at all those youthful Liberties I take;  
 but say, my Dear, I own it is no more,  
 than I my self, when young, have done before.

*Wife.*

Oh! wicked Man, to harbour such a Thought!  
 What, do you think, I in my Youth was naught?  
 No! my Dear, such Censure only shews  
 the wicked Muse of others, as they use.

*Husband.*

Prithee, I know you're made of Female Mold,  
 am'rous when young, and penitent when old;  
 therefore I'll leave you to your Pray'rs and Tears,  
 and Recreations for your rev'rend Years.  
 I from Tavern must to Tavern strole,  
 where sparkling Wine revives the drooping Soul;  
 and Boon-Companions o'er the Bottel meet,  
 to cheer the Heart, and exercise their Wit.  
 therefore, old Grannum, let us thus agree;  
 I'll drink for you, and you shall pray for me.

~~~~~  
 Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
 Dialogue.

WHAT Youth of either Sex, whilst warm
 With Love and active Vigor,
 When brib'd, is able to conform
 To Age, and all its Rigor?

Wealth

*Wealth cannot ballance the Delights
Of Bacchus, and of Venus ;
When Beauty charms, or Wine invites,
Our Vertue shrinks within us.*

*Old Mothers, with their bug-bear Tales,
May make their Daughters tremble ;
Yet Nature, when they're ripe, prevails,
And then the Sluts dissemble.*

*All their external modest Shews
Of Piety and Vertue,
Are but the cunning Ways they use
(My am'rous Friend) to court you.*

*Nor can the Letcher, old and dry,
That weds a youthful Beauty,
By Money, Padlock, Bolt, or Spy,
Oblige her to her Duty.*

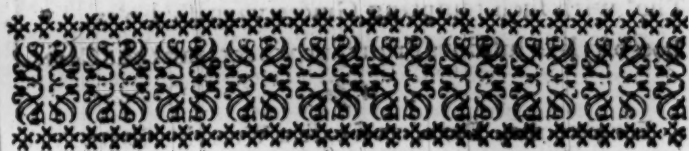
*What crazy Hag can then expect
A young Man such a Bubble,
That he should Beauty's Charms neglect,
To gratify old Stubble ?*

DIALOGUE



Between

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But, Oh
Fair Looks :



DIALOGUE the Seventh,

Between the forgiving Husband, and the penitent Adultress.

Husband.

MY dear *Lavinia*, once the only Joy
Of my kind Soul, and Charmer of my Eye;
Ease of my Cares, and Pleasure of my Bed,
In whom alone I once was happy made;
The Object of my Love, the only She
Whose Welfare was my chief Felicity:
But now, alas! thy Beauties are declin'd,
Which, undefil'd, with so much Lustre shin'd;
And all those sweet Angelick Graces lost,
Which none but faithful Innocence can boast.

Oh! how could such a heav'nly Face and Mein,
By human Flatt'ries, be seduc'd to sin!
And with Man's lustful Rhetorick be charm'd,
To fall a Victim, when so well fore-arm'd!
And in one Moment, destitute of Grace,
Stain with Dishonour so divine a Face?

But, Oh! by sad Experience now I find
Fair Looks are no true Index of the Mind;

DIALOGUE

D

And

And that soft Beauty we so much adore,
 Tho' with such tempting Graces varnish'd o'er,
 Does oft, like luscious Fruits, prove rotten at the Core.

Wife.

Forgive me, Dear, and ease a Wretch's Pain,
 Thou best of Husbands, and the best of Men.
 Oh! let my Tears and Penitence atone
 For the sad Ills I have so rashly done.
 Pity the Sorrows of a sinful Breast,
 Loaded with Grief too great to be express'd.
 'Tis true, I have been faithless and unkind,
 Deaf to good Counsel, to my Duty blind,
 Perverse, unruly, to my Ruin prone,
 Forgetful of your Honour, and my own :
 But, could unfeign'd Repentance re-obtain
 Your Nuptial Love, and wash away my Stain,
 From this sad Hour I would my Life renew,
 Abhor my Guilt, in Pray'rs devoutly true,
 Implore the Mercy of good Heav'n and you.

Husband.

Oh! that frail Woman should such Charms possess,
 Unarm'd with Vertue, and uncrown'd with Grace;
 And that such Beauty should be left to stray,
 For want of Prudence, to consult the Way ;
 But harder still, that injur'd Man should bear
 Part of the Shame, who's in the Guilt no Share.
 How then, *Lavinia*, can your Spouse forgive,
 Who for your Pleasures, does such Pains receive?
 Your Crime's too black, and bears too deep a Dye,
 Too bad for injur'd Man to pass it by.

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It's true, the Goodness which the Gods extend,
 May meet your Pray'rs ; their Mercy knows no End.
 Nor can our Failings interrupt their Ease ;
 They're not disturb'd with our Enormities.
 Therefore, when Mortals do their Sins repeat,
 Heav'n may forgive what human Nature can't.

Wife.

Should I capitulate at such a Time,
 'Twould swell my Guilt, and aggravate my Crime
 Offenders, when they're cast, and Mercy need,
 May be allow'd to pray, but not to plead.
 Detected Guilt will no Disputes admit.
 'Tis Favour to be suffer'd to intreat.
 Therefore, since all Excuse must be forborn,
 I only beg you'll give me Leave to mourn ;
 And that my humble Sighs and Tears may move
 Your Pity, tho' I've forfeited your Love.

Husband.

'Tis true, the Guilty have no other Way
 To obtain Mercy, but to weep and pray.
 Sorrow's the best Return that can be pay'd,
 Where Restitution is not to be made :
 Yet Show'rs of Tears, alas ! are but a small
 Atonement for a Crime so capital,
 Whose sad Effects the injur'd Breast must feel
 As long as Mem'ry can survive the Ill.
 Such monstrous Crimes whole Families torment,
 Beyond Forgiveness of the Penitent.
 Who then can pardon an Offence so great,
 Which Time cannot repair, or Man forget ?

D 2

An

An ignominious Blot, that stains so home,
 'Twill blacken Generations still to come ;
 Make your own Children, when they chance to hear,
 Their Mother's Failings grate upon their Ear ;
 Dissolve their Duty, doubt their lawful Birth,
 And curse the vicious Womb that brought 'em forth.
 What Husband then can smother an Offence ?
 Attended with such dreadful Consequence ?

Wife.

Oh! base and wretched Woman that I am,
 Most justly doom'd to Misery and Shame ;
 Nor can I call you cruel or unkind,
 Since I've deserv'd worse Usage than I find.
 Oh! that I could but reach some lonely Place,
 Where I might ever hide my blushing Face ;
 Or to some unfrequented Desert run,
 Untrod by Man, ungilded by the Sun ;
 There be compell'd for ever to reside
 With Brutes less savage than a faithless Bride.
 For what base Wife, tho' she has stain'd her Charms,
 Can bear Exclusion from her Husband's Arms,
 And live unpity'd, slighted, and contemn'd,
 By her best Lover, and her surest Friend ?

Oh! lend your Sword, that I may ease my Breast,
 And send my poor distracted Soul to rest,
 That at one Thrust I may my Grief remove,
 And pierce that Heart which has betray'd your Love.
 Tho' my own Ills my Happiness have crost,
 Yet thrown from you, I am entirely lost.

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O! who can live a poor discarded Wife?
 Death is less Terror, than so base a Life.

Husband.

What Pow'r has faithless Beauty in her Tears?
 How Guilt withdraws, when Penitence appears?
 You know, *Lavinia*, once I lov'd you well;
 Nor has your Crimes yet chang'd my Heart to Steel;
 I cannot hear you so much Grief express,
 But still must pity your Unhappiness.
 I own, *Lavinia*, I'm a little mov'd
 To ease that Heart I once so dearly lov'd.
 Could I forget, methinks I could forgive;
 But Crimes like yours, will still unbury'd live;
 In the most patient Bosom knawing lie,
 And, like the Worm of Conscience, never die.

Wife.

My dearest Husband, Oh! thou God-like Man,
 Could you one Thought of Pardon entertain,
 My Love, Obedience, and my pious Life,
 Should shew I was become so good a Wife,
 That by my future Penitence, I'd blast
 The odious Mem'ry of my Follies past;
 Perform my Duty with such humble Care,
 That not one Action of my Life should err;
 So that we both should bless the happy Time
 Your Goodness pardon'd, Oh! my hated Crime;
 My chaste Deportment, should in Time persuade
 Your peaceful Breast, that I have never stray'd.
 Thus the deep Sense of my Misfortunes past,
 Shall make me always kind, and always chaste.

But if your Heart be harden'd, and your Ears
Are deaf to my repenting Cries and Tears ;
If so severe, Oh ! miserable me !
I'm lost, and must for ever wretched be.

Husband.

Such heav'nly Promises, and such a Flood
Of falling Tears, are not to be withstood :
Such penitential Drops of liquid Jems,
More rich than Pearl on Princes Diadems,
Must bribe a Soul so lenitive as mine,
And make my Heart more sorrowful than thine.
My dear *Lavinia*, you have charm'd my Breast,
Forc'd me to yield to ev'ry soft Request ;
The Vows that flow from your melodious Tongue,
Compel me to forgive the greatest Wrong.
Who can such kind and mournful Accents hear
From so much Beauty, and be still severe ?
What dire Revenge upon the worst Offence,
Is able to withstand such Penitence ?
Tho' thy past Liberties deserve my Scorn,
I cannot without Pity hear thee mourn.
I must forgive thee ———. From the Ground arise.
Comfort thy Breast, and dry thy flowing Eyes ;
And let the future Conduct of thy Life
Shew thee a thankful and obedient Wife :
For Crimes repeated after Pardon given,
Deserve from Man no Mercy, or from Heav'n.

Wife.

Oh ! best of Husbands ! be for ever blest.
May my past Folly ne'er disturb your Breast ;

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But from this Time remain a cancell'd Blot;
 Unthought of as the Child that's unbegot.
 Oh ! how shall I reward your gen'rous Mind,
 To Patience, Love, and Mercy, thus inclin'd ?
 By what kind Measures shall I strive to shew
 The Gratitude to so much Goodness due ?
 Oh ! help me, Heaven, to improve my Charms;
 That I each Night may doubly bless his Arms,
 And yield him such Enjoyments when embrac'd,
 That human Nature ne'er before could taste.
 May I that kind and lovely Creature be,
 That with his Wishes may the best agree;
 Always obliging, diligent, and meek ;
 And may my Words be Musick when I speak,
 That I may charm his Soul with new Delights,
 And make his Days as happy as his Nights.

My dearest Husband, you shall find me prove
 A faithful Blessing to your future Love ;
 An humble Wife, whose Vertues shall atone
 For all the Wrongs my foolish Youth has done,
 No Pow'r on Earth shall tempt one Thought awry ;
 The Wiles of Men and Devils I'll defy,
 And on your Love for evermore rely.

Husband.

Like your sweet Looks, your Promises are fair ;
 But still such Charms as your's must have a Care ;
 Depend not on your Strength, 'tis Grace alone
 Must guard you, if attack'd, from being won.
 Woman, by Nature, subject is to change,
 Too eas'ly tempted, and inclin'd to range ;

Therefore, by humble Pray'rs, make Heav'n your Friend,
Without, no Vertue can it self defend.

The Gods alone must guard you from the Fate
That does so oft on Female Beauty waite.

Implore their Aid, your Follies past lament,
And I'll forgive and love, tho' I repent :
For how can Man, that seeks Revenge below,
Of Heav'n ask Mercy, if he none will show ?

Wife.

Oh ! pious Man ! how greatly am I blest'd,
To hear such Love and Lenity express'd,
When the base Wrongs, which now I truly mourn,
Deserve no less than Infamy and Scorn ?

Had your Resentments your Compassion sour'd,
And your Revenge your Vertues over-power'd,
How wretched had I been involv'd in all
The Mis'ries that could curse a Woman's Fall ?
But since, Oh ! gen'rous Sufferer, thou hast sav'd
A sinful Wife, polluted and deprav'd,
With all Abhorrence I my Crimes abjure,
And date my happy Life from this good Hour ;
Will, for the future, Vertue's Paths pursue,
And prove for ever just to Heav'n and you.

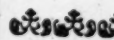
Husband.

Tho' your unhappy Crimes my Love have cost,
'Tis pity so much Beauty should be lost.
I must be kind to thy repenting Charms,
And hug my dear *Lavinia* in my Arms.
All that I now can ask, is, that you'll prove
Futurely faithful, to reward my Love ;

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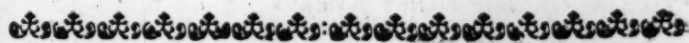
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Therefore be good and just, that I may see
 Friend, Forgiveness mends beyond Severity.

Wife.

The gen'rous Pity you have thus bestow'd,
 Inspires my humble Soul with all that's good.
 After such Mercy, I can ne'er offend
 So kind a Husband, and so true a Friend ;
 But shall my Thoughts and Actions, strictly bind
 To Vertue's happy Rules, that you shall find
 Your Pardon, to the Comfort of our Lives,
 Has made a worthless Wretch, the best of Wives.



Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

HOW happy is that God-like Man,
 Who can forgive Offences,
 And wink at such an odious Stain,
 That startles human Senses ?

The nuptial Treach'ry of the Fair,
 Tho' nothing grows more common,
 Yet is it hard for Man to bear
 Such Usage from a Woman.

*Adultery ! the very Name
Is hateful to the Guilty ;
The wanton Dame is stabb'd with Shame,
When e'er she's thought so filthy.*

*When once detected in a Wife,
It proves the Bane of Wedlock ;
And she that loves it, ought for Life
To wear a publick Padlock :*

*But if she turns from Bad to Good,
And mends her ill Behaviour,
'Tis hard repenting Beauty shou'd
Be cast away for ever.*

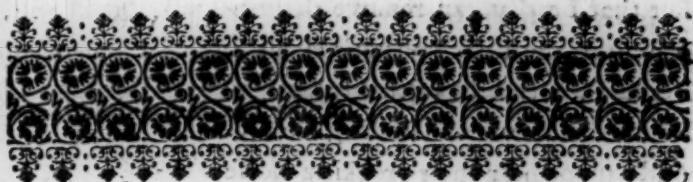
*Therefore, when Wives their Weakness show,
Pass not too harsh a Sentence,
But pardon Wrongs upon their due
Submission and Repentance.*



DIALOGUE

*Between
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DIALOGUE the Eighth,

Between an old amorous Knight, and a young Strumpet he was drawn in to marry, just come out of Yorkshire, to take a View of the Town.

Husband.

WELL, now, my Dear, I think we've spent
 A Week in Love and Merriment;
 In a few Days we'll e'en set forward
 Our tedious Journey to the Norward,
 To view your Lands, and take Possession
 Of your Estate and Habitation;
 And if I find the Place is airy
 And healthful, we'll resolve to tarry;
 New furbish up the ancient Hall,
 And settle there for good and all:
 You say there's Hunting, Fishing, Fowling;
 And a rare spacious Green for Bowling,
 Hare, Partridge, every sort of Game
 About your Grounds, that I can name.
 By your Account, it needs must be
 A Seat of wond'rous Pleasantry.

D 6

One.

One Thing indeed I can't approve,
 But that I eas'ly can remove ;
 Which is, the Rook'ry that's about it,
 I own I'd rather be without it ;
 I hate their hoarse ill-boding Voice,
 And cannot bear their croaking Noise,
 But wake when they begin to chatter,
 And yawn and stretch the whole Day a'ter,

Lady.

If nothing but the Rooks displease ye,
 They're soon destroy'd, to make you easy.
 I wish, my Dear, that you may find
 The House and Gardens sute your Mind ;
 And that its lonely Situation
 May justly claim your Approbation :
 But, truly, I am apt to fear,
 When you see how it is, and where,
 You'll think your Quality too great
 For such a Mansion and Estate,
 Because it has been farm'd by two
 Or three of meaner Rank than you :
 I therefore fear you'll not consent
 T' inhabit such a Tenement,
 That has, for Years, to the Dishonour
 Of me that am the rightful Owner,
 Been occupy'd for little Rent,
 By Persons of a low Descent.

Husband.

Dear Madam, my intire Affection
 For you, will conquer that Objection ;

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 So kind,

I shan't despise your Mansion-House,
 Cause farm'd by *Roger and Joan Douse* :
 It is enough for me to love it,
 That you were born there, and approve it.
 We must not with Contempt look down
 On Earth, 'cause trodden by the Clown ;
 Frown on the fruitful Vale or Plain,
 Because frequented by the Swain ;
 Or scorn the rich and dirty Field,
 That's by the sweaty Peasant till'd.
 No, no, if I but like the Seat,
 And find it for our Dwelling fit,
 I shall not scruple or complain on't,
 Because a Clown has been the Tenant :
 To me, that shall not make it odious,
 In Case I find it but commodious.
 Perhaps it may be old and tatter'd,
 With stormy Winds and Weather batter'd ;
 The Stable-Yards been us'd to hold
 Dung-heaps, which Farmers call their Gold ;
 Yet all such Filth may be remov'd,
 And the House furbish'd and improv'd ;
 And if too small, be made more large,
 Tho' I must own 'twill be a Charge ;
 But shall not value what I spend,
 To such a satisfact'ry End,
 If all will but oblige my Dear,
 And make her easy when she's there ;
 For who that's bless'd with such a Creature,
 So kind, so young, so fair of Feature,

Would

Would not do any Thing to shew
His Love to such a Bride as you ?

Lady.

You're very kind, I must allow,
Would you be always as you're now ;
But Time will change your Inclination,
And make, I fear, much Alteration ;
For Beauty, once a Lover's own,
Becomes insipid, when she's known,
And all her soft obliging Charms
Grow stale and rancid in his Arms.
I fear your Love, that seems so great,
Is not for me, but my Estate.
Fat Acres and full Bags, engage
The most, in this ungen'rous Age ;
And she that has them in her Pow'r,
May have new Courtiers ev'ry Hour :
So he that's rich, and can defend
Himself, shall never want a Friend ;
But if Misfortunes bring him low,
His Friends will be no longer so.
Had I without a Fortune been,
And my Descent obscure and mean,
Yet made the very self-same Figure,
In Dress, in Beauty, Youth, and Vigour,
I fancy then you'd scarce have thought me
Worthy o'th' Bed to which you've brought me ;
For had your Bride had no Command
Of mouldy Bags and dirty Land,

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For all her Charms, you'd not have lik'd her;
 'Twas the gilt Frame set off the Picture.
 So when the Croud behold the State
 And pompous Grandeur of the Great,
 'Tis not their Persons that they mind;
 But the long Train that come behind;
 Thus think our Quality's Transcendence
 Is not in them, but their Attendance.

Husband.

But for your Charms, my Dear, I love you;
 Your Beauty made me first approve you;
 'Twas not your Riches, but your Face;
 Your Acres, but each charming Grace,
 That did alone my Soul bewitch,
 And rais'd my Flame to such a Pitch.
 I'm no such Muckworm in my Nature,
 To prefer Wealth to such a Creature:
 I vow I did not doat upon ye
 For your black Furlongs, or your Money;
 The Gifts that dwell in ev'ry Part,
 Enchanted my admiring Heart:
 No Blessing but your self I wanted,
 And those dear Favours you have granted.
 Had you been Fortuneless, my Flame,
 I'm certain, must have been the same;
 I'd still paid Homage to your Beauty,
 Nor could I have been blest without ye.
 Such lovely Charms as you possess,
 Are of themselves a Happiness;

For

Such

Such Eyes no other Fortune need,
 Those Looks the brightest Gold exceed.
 But since your Stars, their Love to shew,
 Have giv'n you Wealth and Beauty too,
 And I am made, by your kind Choice,
 The Partner of such double Joys ;
 Riches with Beauty, I agree,
 Still heightens the Felicity ;
 Tho' had you not a Great, I own
 I had been blest'd in you alone ;
 For Love, like Madness, many grant,
 Ne'er feels the Smart of Cold or Want,
 But will, if just, the noble Flame,
 Like Gold refin'd, be still the same.

Lady.

Then you are sure you should have lov'd,
 In Case I had no Heiress prov'd ;
 And that alone my Person won ye,
 And not my Acres or my Money.
 I must confess, could I be certain
 You lov'd my Charms above my Fortune,
 Such real uncorrupt Affection
 Would give me wond'rous Satisfaction ;
 For I am apt to think most Men
 That marry, have an Eye on Gain,
 And that, among your Sex, 'tis common
 To admire the Bags above the Woman.
 'Tis therefore difficult for me
 To think your Generosity

great, to've taken to your Arms
 A Country Damsel for her Charms,
 Had you not been assur'd, before
 She'd a large Fortune in her Pow'r ;
 For Beauty without Bags, we find
 You Men of Wisdom seldom mind ;
 When Gold will make the dowdy Lass,
 Without the least Objection, pass.

Husband.

I vow and swear, my only Dear,
 Those Charms that in your Looks appear ;
 Your pleasant Air, your modest Mein,
 Your Prudence in each Action seen,
 Your Conversation, that's so witty,
 Your ev'ry Thing so sweet and pretty,
 Are Blessings that engage my Heart ;
 Your Fortune is the meanest Part :
 I scarce have spent one Thought about it,
 I have enough, my Dear, without it,
 And should have lov'd you, tho' you'd been
 Unhappy, fortuneless, and mean ;
 And for your Beauty, would have made ye
 My Bride, my only Dear, my Lady.

Lady.

I'm highly happy, that I find
 Your Heart so generously kind,
 And that your Love would be as great,
 If I'd no Portion or Estate.

Husband.

Husband.

All one, my Jewel, I profess
 Nothing could make me love you less.
 My faithful Passion is not founded
 Upon your Wealth, but nobly grounded;
 And will be lasting, you shall see,
 In spite of all Adversity.
 No fullen Clouds, that can arise,
 Shall darken or eclipse our Joys :
 My Love its nuptial Course shall run,
 And prove as constant as the Sun ;
 Be lasting, just, and always free
 From cold Neglect and Jealousy.

Lady.

You promise very fair, my Dear;
 Yet I, alas ! am apt to fear,
 If my Estate should chance to prove
 A Shadow, 'twould subvert your Love,
 And make my Dearest look awry
 Upon me with an evil Eye ;
 For disappointed Lovers change
 Affection oft into Revenge.
 So he that weds, and thinks he marries
 A mighty Fortune, and miscarries,
 He does his Bride, tho' fair, despise,
 Because no wealthy Bags arise.

Husband.

But this no Parallel can be
 To th' present Case 'twixt you and me.

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 Your Title,
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I know your Fortune's out of Doubt ;
 Your Lands admit of no Dispute :
 I have no Reason to distrust
 Your Title, for I'm sure 'tis just ;
 Have all the Deeds that bear Relation
 To your Estate, in my Possession :
 But were your Charms without that Worth
 Your Writings plainly do set forth,
 Yet still, my dearest Duck, my Lamb,
 I'd be as loving as I am ;
 Your Beauty would alone prevail
 With me, in Case your Lands should fail :
 But I'm well satisfy'd no Harm
 Can lurk in such a heav'nly Form ;
 Your Angel's Face convinces me
 You are what you pretend to be ;
 But should your Wealth a Fiction prove,
 Your Charms would still preserve my Love.

Lady.

I'm glad to hear it ; for I vow
 All that I'm worth, 's about me now.
 Give me, my Dear, one kind Embrace,
 And you my whole Estate possess.
 With folded Arms, you may, God knows,
 My Lands and Tenements inclose :
 I have no Bags of hoarded Gold ;
 No Sums of tarnish'd Coin untold ;
 No fruitful Grounds to please your Sight,
 But what you plough'd the nuptial Night ;

No

No Mansion-house or Farm, beside,
 But you've already occupy'd ;
 No costly Garden for your Pleasure,
 But what your self may sow at Leisure :
 I have no Wealth but what you see ;
 You have my whole Estate in me.

Husband.

I'll swear you are a merry Lady,
 You banter well, whoever bred ye ;
 I find you only want to try
 My Temper and Sincerity ;
 And whether that my Love's as true
 As I've averr'd it is to you,
 You may jest on, but still shall find
 Your Frolick cannot change my Mind :
 I have a greater Passion for ye,
 Than to give Ear to such a Story :
 You may use twenty Whims like these,
 And try me farther, if you please ;
 But all your Wit won't damp my Flame ;
 You'll ever find my Love the same.

Lady.

I'm glad with all my Heart, to hear
 Your Kindness is so great, my Dear,
 That whatsoe'er I chance to prove,
 'Twill no Ways disoblige your Love :
 But really I'd not have you flatter
 Your self with what's to come herea'ter ;
 For here's my All, and, to be plain,
 Your farther Hopes are but in vain.

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The whole of my poor narrow Fortune,
Will lie within the nuptial Curtain ;
You've had it all, I do protest,
Between the Sheets, and you know best
The Worth of what you have possess'd. }

Believe me, Sir ; for, by my Life,
You've nothing with me, but a Wife ;
I'm therefore glad to hear my Charms
Alone have won you to my Arms ;
And that your Love will still be steady,
Tho' disappointed by your Lady.
Beauty alone deserves the Favour,
And true Esteem of those that have her :
She's a sweet Blessing of her self,
Tho' she can boast no Bags of Pelf ;
That's a small Fault ; a Man of Honour
Will scorn to look the worse upon her.

Husband.

How can your Tongue such Stories tell ?
I'll swear you humour't mighty well.
You do't as prettily, my Dear,
As if bred up in Theatre,
Enough to make my Hopes give Way,
And my self credit what you say ;
But that, alas ! I know you better,
And am assur'd you're no such Creature.
You may jest on ; but you forget
I've got the Deeds of your Estate ;
I've all your Writings, I am safe,
Your Banter only makes me laugh.

Besides,

Besides, I've had, from several Hands,
 A good Account of all your Lands ;
 Know ev'ry Tittle of your Fortune,
 What's doubtful, and what's truly certain :
 Therefore I'm far from being frighted
 With what you tell me, but delighted
 To think what pretty Tales you make,
 What Wit you shew, what Pains you take,
 To try your Husband and your Lover,
 In Hopes to cunningly discover
 Which is most welcome to his Arms,
 Your Fortune, or your youthful Charm :
 But I assure you still the latter
 Is the dear Blessing I sought a'ter ;
 Tho' a good Dowry, I confess,
 Adds something to the Happiness,
 Because the richer still we be,
 The more secure from Poverty.

Lady.

Dream as you please of Golden Joys,
 And think you've made a wealthy Choice ;
 But, as I live, at last you'll find
 Hour Hopes all vanish into Wind ;
 For all those Writings you have seen,
 Were only forg'd to draw you in ;
 And, in Reality, relate
 To nothing but a feign'd Estate ;
 Far Acres floating in the Air,
 And mighty Sums, the Lord knows where ;

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 So now deal

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 So beautiful
 Oh ! Jilt !
 Betray'd, in

A Mansion lin'd with costly Goods,
 Built only in the misty Clouds;
 Rich Farms and Tenements, that lie
 In remote Corners of the Sky,
 So far behind the Light, I doubt,
 Flamsteed himself can't find 'em out :
 And this, by all the Charms of Youth
 And Beauty, I aver for Truth ;
 I therefore beg you'll not deceive
 Your self, but what I say, believe,
 And not depend on idle Fancies,
 For all my Writings are Romances,
 Contriv'd by cunning Heads, to gain me
 A Husband able to maintain me ;
 And since 'twas your unhappy Lot
 To be the Gudgeon to be caught,
 I humbly beg you to be easy ;
 For if my Person will not please ye,
 I have no Lands to mend the Matter,
 Nor Bags to make your Bargain better.
 This is the Case most justly stated ;
 And ev'ry Tittle I've related,
 Is Truth, I swear upon my Knees ;
 So now deal with me as you please.

Husband.

I am amaz'd ! And can there be
 So beautiful a Snake as thee ?
 Oh ! Jilt ! am I at last out-witted,
 Betray'd, impos'd upon, and cheated !

Tempted

Tempted to take a wicked, frail,
 Alluring Serpent by the Tail,
 And hug the Vermin that has bit
 The loving Hand that cherish'd it ?
 How could your list'ning treach'rous Ear
 My Love with seeming Pleasure hear ;
 And your base Tongue conceal the while
 The Drift of all your crafty Guile ?
 Had you had Gratitude or Honour,
 You'd told me your Condition sooner ;
 And made me sensible before
 Our Marriage, of your windy Dow'r,
 And not have put this Trick upon me.
 Why, Hussy, you have quite undone me.
 My Estate's mortgag'd, I aver it,
 And with your Fortune hop'd to clear it ;
 But now, instead of that, I'm worse
 By wedding such a Female Curse,
 That has more Coney-skin than Purse :
 Nor are your self, you wicked Creature,
 By your Deceit, a Jot the better. —

Lady.

Yes, I'm a Lady, by your Favour ;
 That's something I have gain'd, however :
 But had I been what you suppos'd,
 I find I had been finely noos'd
 To an old surfeited Debauch,
 A beggar'd Knight without a Coach ;
 A Fumbler with a dipt Estate !
 I vow and swear a hopeful Mate

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For a rich Heiress, full of Charms,
To chuse into her youthful Arms.
No, had I been that happy She,
Your Worship took me first to be,
You should have been no Match for me.

But where's your mighty Love, my Dear ?
Your am'rous Passion cools, I fear ;
Your everlasting Kindness now
Seems wither'd like a Winter's Bough.
One sudden unexpected Puff
Has blown your Flame into a Snuff,
Extinguish'd that robust Desire,
And caus'd that never-cooling Fire,
That whiz'd of late like mounting Rocket,
To burn like Candle in the Socket.

Husband.

Fly from me, *Jezabel*, to ease me,
And now you've chous'd me, do not tease me.
What mortal Man can love a Jade,
A Jilt, by whom he's thus betray'd ;
A *German* Princess, and, no Doubt,
A Slut, an errand Whore to boot,
Whose lustful mercenary Tail is
The cast-off Curse of Pimps and Baylies ?
And I, forsooth, must prove the Fool,
Mark'd out to honour such a Trull ;
And tho' you've been debas'd already
By hundreds, must be call'd my Lady !

You Strumpet, get you from my Sight,
I hate you as an Owl the Light.
You teasing, prating Spawn of Evil ;
You cunning, pretty Toad ; you Devil ;
You cheating Minx, I'll never own ye ;
I'll have no Wife that has no Money.
You're some Bawd's Daughter, or as bad ;
Huzzy, you've made me raving mad,
More frantick than a dancing Bear ;
My Reason's flown I know not where.

E

Get thee, I say, from out my Reach,
 Or I shall scratch thee for a Witch :
 I'm by your Sorcery enchanted,
 Hag-ridden, plagu'd, tormented, haunted ;
 And shall, unless you fly the Place,
 Spit Pins and Needles in thy Face.

Lady.

Well said, my Dear, I'm now assur'd
 You've a great Value for your Word,
 And that my Beauty was the Bait
 That tempted more than my Estate.
 Oh ! what a Passion you have for me !
 How much you love me, and adore me !
 Tho' disappointed of the Rents
 Of my fat Lands and Tenements,
 And find my Fortune is so small,
 That your own Hand may cover't all,
 Yet how your am'rous Flame continues
 To cheer your Heart, and warm your Sinews !
 What due Respect ! how much good Nature
 You shew to your dear charming Creature !
 Your pretty Phubs, your Duck, your Jewel,
 Whose pow'rful Charms, had she been cruel,
 Had kill'd you with their Darts out-right,
 And martyr'd her enamour'd Knight.
 Poor Gentleman ! had I not lov'd,
 How fatal must my Scorn have prov'd ?
 But what coy Dame could take upon her
 To slight so brave a Man of Honour,
 And with a cross disdainful Frown,
 Doom him to stab, to hang, or drown,
 When his pure Love was so refin'd,
 His Tongue so true, his Heart so kind,
 That he despis'd ignoble Dross,
 And valu'd nothing but the Lafs ;
 For her sweet Temper, and her Beauty,
 And something else above the Shoe-Tie ?

Husband.

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Husband.

Oh ! Impudence, to thus upbraid me,
 When your vile Cunning has betray'd me!
 What wanton Sorc'refs have I wedded ?
 What Beggar hugg'd ? What Strumpet bedded ?
 Some Shop-lift, full of Tricks and Wiles,
 Perhaps bred up in sweet *St. Giles* ;
 Or some expert Town-trading Quane,
 Begot and nurs'd in *Water-Lane*,
 Who has, for Years, along the Side
 Of *Holborn-Ditch* and *Fleet-Street* ply'd ;
 I'll swear a very hopeful Bride !
 A modest pretty Lady, truly,
 Kick'd from the Arms of some Town-Bully,
 Just piping-hot, perhaps, from Stews ;
 As fine a Match as Man would chuse !
 What a sweet Bargain have I got !
 And may be pox'd, as like as not !
 Oh ! you confounded common With,
 If 'twan't for Shame, I'd call you B——.
 Must I, by your lewd Tail, be brought
 To Flannel-Shirt, and Spitting-Pot ?
 Be gone, I say, or I shall thumb
 Your Trollilols, and foot your Bum ;
 Bid my Man turn you out of Door ;
 And, Slut, if e'er you own me more,
 I'll cry aloud, A Whore, a Whore.

Lady.

Indeed, Sir *Samuel*, if you do,
 I'll cry out Cuckold, Cuckold too.
 However, since your Spleen's so high,
 I'll quit your Room 'till by and by,
 And give your Passion Time to cool,
 That Reason may again bear Rule.
 But still remember I'm your Wife,
 And must and will be so for Life ;
 For Law can do no less than right her,
 Who's done no more than bit the Biter.

Husband.

Moral

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
Dialogue.

HE that his own Defects will hide
From a rich Mistress, to deceive her,
If he's out-witted by his Bride,
He ought in Reason to forgive her.

If an old fumbling Fool will wed
A handsome Lass, that's brisk and young,
And she defiles her nuptial Bed,
The Cuckold ought to hold his Tongue.

For had the Dotard prudent been,
And well consider'd his Decay,
He might have easily foreseen
His Horns before the Wedding-Day.

So he who knows his own Estate
Deep mortgag'd, and himself undone,
And thinks a Woman's Fortune great,
Who, in her Conscience, knows she's none.

And he, to win the cunning Dame,
Pretends to be the Lord knows what,
And she sets up to be the same,
When marry'd, 'tis but Tit for Tat.

The Man's commended now-a-days,
That wins a Dame, and does out-wit her;
I think she merits equal Praise,
That has the Wit to bite the Biter.

F I N I S.